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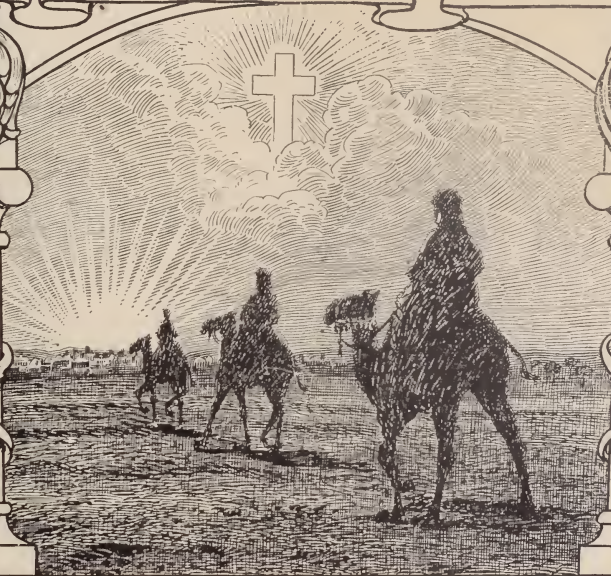


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Neglected Arabia

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The Arabian Mission



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NEGLECTED ARABIA.

April—June, 1907.

CHRISTMAS DAY AT MUSCAT.

D. DYKSTRA.

The cannon boomed lustily one fair morning, and the rocky hills of Muscat made every report sound like a terrific clap of thunder. The Sultan's flag floated at top-mast from the old Arab forts, and hundreds of mat roofs proudly supported a bamboo pole, with a red, green, or yellow rag at its top. The soldiers were out in full force, and the citizens paraded the streets in their gayest attire. The occasion was the arrival of the Sultan of Muscat. A few days later only one flag greeted the rising sun, and nearly all the motley array of banners had disappeared from the mat roofs. No cannon boomed and no soldiers paraded the streets. The anxiety of the gatekeeper to obtain his annual fee, and a display of flags on the American and English consulates seemed to be the only public signs vouchsafed the arrival of the King of kings.

But in the auctioneers' quarter of Muscat there were signs of a real Christmas day, so appropriately called in Arabic, the "birth feast-day." Early in the morning the English speaking contingent of Muscat gathered at the mission house to partake of the Lord's Supper, administered by Rev. James Cantine. No doubt a Christmas morning spent in meditation on the atoning death of Christ will usher in a Christmas day of heightened joy over His glorious birth. Then with happy hearts the missionaries and their helpers set to work at arranging for a simple Christmas entertainment for their little Arab and Hindu friends. A pomegranate tree was pressed into service for want of a pine, and through the kindness of the English friends it could be decorated to suit even more than native taste. It was also made possible to offer a little gift to every one that should come.

At six in the evening the entertainment began. How the forty pairs of native eyes stared at the tree all lighted up with candles! Not since the days of Rev. P. Zwemer and his slave boys had a Christmas been celebrated in Muscat, and an illuminated tree was quite a novelty by this time. The mothers and the children gazed in blank amazement, till Rev. Cantine explained to them what had so often been explained to them before, that this feast and this joy was on account of the birth of our Saviour. The circumstances of the birth of Christ were then read from the Gospel of Luke, and the meaning of it was



CHRISTMAS TREE IN MUSCAT CHAPEL.

told in a few simple words. The children listened with all the attention at their command, usually not a large amount at such a time, and the native mothers proclaimed loud assent to all that was being spoken. Would that they were as ready to believe with the heart as they are to confess with the mouth.

A very brief and simple program was carried out, and gifts were awarded to those who had shown some measure of advance in school and Sunday School—a copy of the Psalms to those who had faithfully learned their Bible texts, and a hymn book to such as had learned to use it. As some of the Hindu boys present could not read the Arabic, the hymns were sung in both Arabic and English at the same time. A thrill of joy suddenly steals over one as he hears the songs of Zion sung in a strange land. The day has come that even in the land proclaimed by the dying breath of the prophet to be exclusively for Islam, Christian hymns are used to open the daily gatherings of the children for instruction. But we may not rest satisfied with these single notes of praise from the far-distant stations of Aden, Muscat, Bahrein, Busrah, and Bagdad. The prayer that “availeth much” must plead for the coming of the day when the hymn of praise struck up at Aden shall be carried through Hadramaut and Oman, along the Pirate and Hassa coasts, to be taken up with new zeal among the date palms of the river country, that Isaiah’s vision may be fulfilled: “and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose.”

TO THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST.

ISKANDER HANNA.



ISKANDER HANNA.

After a wish of perfect peace, I make known that while I have been distinguished to give you a message, I feel myself unworthy for such a task. Yet my longing to make known to the Church of Jesus Christ my happy condition and to speak of my work has so increased that I cannot keep silence. As to my entrance into the Gospel service, I have now reached the third year. Two years ago I was in a place, and its name is Nasariyeh, and in that year I saw the work of the Gospel prosper in my hand, for among the people of that place before was none to preach, and among them there is no fanaticism as elsewhere. And the second year I journeyed around the borders of Busrah and, indeed, saw that some of the people of Islam love the good story. But fear of their families made them hide it. Out of the exceeding greatness of my love for the Gospel, I think this year and purpose with firm resolve and shall endeavor with greatest fervor to go about the regions of Busrah, Amara and Nasariyeh, and so I will proclaim the Gospel of the Saviour Jesus. I beseech each one who reads these lines that he will implore the Lord Jesus to give the perfect success and give me grace to carry out my firm resolve that I have purposed for Him. And I ask, moreover, for the members of the Church that they will accompany me in their prayers, that the Lord may keep me from all evil and appearance of

evil, and that He give me the perfect thought, that I may speak to men to reach their thought. So I bind myself this year to give all my endeavor out of love to Jesus Christ who loved us and gave Himself for the salvation of every one of us. Likewise we must be likened with that love.

Oh ye who read these words, I beseech that ye pardon their weakness and that ye ask of God for me that I be a true messenger like the Apostle Paul, who saw in his life persecution and prison and death. So I likewise have delivered my neck for the sake of that blood in order that the Gospel of Christ be not hindered by me while I am a medium for it. My salutations to all the believers in Christ, both men and women. My salutations to all the members of the Church and all who read this, my epistle. The Servant in Christ,

Iskander Hanna.

The writer of the above quaint lines, and whose likeness accompanies them, was taken on by the mission as colporteur two years ago. In his untiring zeal, his adaptability to circumstances, and his absolute fearlessness he is a veritable apostolic missionary. He has been with me on many of my tours, and I have often sat and wondered at his wonderful keenness and quickness to follow up an advantage. He can quote whole sections from the Koran and confounds the Moslems from their own scriptures. He has even applied himself to the study of Hebrew that, if possible, he may "save some" Jews. He is of Chaldaean Catholic origin and comes of good family, but spent his early life in dissipation. At his twenty-fifth year, while still deep sunk in sin, a missionary told him to transfer his misdirected energies to the service of Christ. This confidence, so unsought, and so suddenly placed in him, touched him to the quick. God entered his heart and changed him. At our last mission meeting he spoke for nearly an hour on the words, "Woe is me if I preach not." As the words dropped from those lips so lately stained by sin, we all sat spellbound. We pray that he may long be spared for service for us and for the Master, whom he has learned to love so well. J. V. E.

CHRISTMAS AT THE FRONT.

REV. JOHN VAN ESS.

This is a chronicle of a Christmas at the front, in a sense the loneliest and in a higher sense the happiest Christmas I have ever spent. The days that preceded it tended to make that day one I shall long remember. I shall begin from the 18th of November, when I left Busrah station for a tour up the Tigris. My cook, Solomon, and Iskander, a colporteur, accompanied me, the former for his culi-

nary skill and the latter for his knowledge of the Turk, and his extraordinary zeal which I hoped to make good use of in the new territory I wanted to penetrate, toward the Persian frontier. Space forbids to tell much of Solomon. His would make an interesting character sketch. He is my inseparable companion on all my tours, devoted, true and absolutely fearless. The savory products of his improvised kitchens do much to keep up one's spirits on the road. So he reckons himself a missionary, too, and often says, "Sahib, you serve El-Messiah with your head and tongue, and I with my pots and pans." Give him a brick, a piece of charcoal and half a chance, and I will guarantee a dinner to rival Delmonico's.

We reached Amara on November 19 and found that Thomas had engaged two rooms for us at the house of Amina, a Chaldaean woman. Incense was burning in a brazier as we entered, and the rugs and divans all gave a cozy look. Supper was served, big wheaten flap-jacks fried in sheep fat, Turkish pilau and crisp Arab bread. Then the few native Christians began to arrive to pay salaams, Jacobites, Chaldaeans, Syrians and Armenians, each crowding the other till the little room could hold no more. The women smoked cigarettes, and the men drank tea. Then we sang some hymns, read a portion of the Gospel, and I prayed, invoking God's blessing on us all, speaking so many variant languages, yet one in Christ our Master.



A MESOPOTAMIAN STAR-WORSHIPPER.

The next morning was rainy and the streets almost impassable, yet already, quite early, two Turkish officers were at the door to pay a call. They were both old friends. How I became acquainted with them is curious. Three years ago, on the occasion of my first visit to Amara, I was walking along the river front when a group of Turkish officers, sitting in the moonlight, with profuse salaams, asked me to join them. They were drinking arak, a native intoxicant made from dates, and even more powerful and deleterious in its effects than wood alcohol. Upon my refusal to drink they proposed that I take a glass of sherbet. The glass was brought wrapped in a napkin. Only a sip sufficed to show that it was the vile, undiluted arak. I spat it into the river, and they roared with laughter. From that night a major and a lieutenant became my firm friends. After their morning call others came, each bringing a friend, so that by the next day my circle of acquaintances had doubled. They were all eager for religious discussion. I think it would surprise friends in the homeland to hear what a range of subjects some Turks can cover intelligently. Evolution, logic, and philology are the favorite topics, but always the discussion evolves into a religious talk in which, by God's grace, the claims of the only sinless prophet are preached and impressed. One Turkish effendi in particular showed a remarkably good acquaintance with Plato, Aristotle, French literature and Greek mythology.

On the next Sunday and each succeeding Sunday we had religious services, with audiences of sometimes fifteen native Christians. Then Dr. Bennett came from Busrah for a twelve days' stay. Words cannot convey an idea of the appalling need for his services. He did rough and ready surgery, administered medicines to those in need and withal, in word and deed, testified to his calling as a missionary of the cross. Together, we paid an official call on the government, and a few days later the commander of the troops returned the call. Colonel Ismail Bey, the commander, spied my baby organ, and when he returned to the barracks sent a sergeant, who saluted stiffly and said the Bey would like to borrow my "piano" for a few days. So a porter was brought and the "piano" lugged to the barracks. Then the sergeant returned, offered the commander's salaams, and said I was wanted at headquarters. Upon arriving there I found the organ placed in the midst of a circle of perplexed effendis. None could master its intricacies, and so I was requested to perform. Gospel hymns are the limit of my repertoire, but I boldly set to, and there amid the rattling of spurs, the clanking of sabres and the nodding of tasselled fezzes, played the familiar tunes. Then they demanded *La Marseillaise*. It was a poser for my limited skill, but I set to again,

ruthlessly tore bleeding measures from their rightful place, flung around with lavish hand accidentals, sharps and flats, and planted them somewhere on the suffering keys. The effect was as wonderful as the above mixed metaphor. When I finished the room rang with "bravos," and the Bey vowed, with many "wallahs," that such nimble fingers had rarely been seen in Amara. What he said may have been true, but it was ambiguous, yet I eagerly gobbled the compliment. It was the first compliment I ever received for my organ playing.

So the days passed, each with its quota of visits and religious talks at home and in the Bible shop. I had hoped to penetrate to the Persian border and if possible to go up the river to visit Ali Gharbi, but opportunities were so numerous in Amara that I deemed it unwise to leave that large town for villages elsewhere. The impending mission meeting at Busrah cut short my stay at Amara, but not until I had spent eight days at Jilat Salih, a town thirty miles down the river. A prominent merchant there, who last year was successfully operated on at Bagdad by Dr. Brigstocke, of the C. M. S., now holds his house open to any one in any way connected with the name Protestant. The eight days spent under his hospitable roof seemed like so many hours. Not a dull or vacant hour was passed. From the kindly Hajji down to the coffee man, all endeavored to make my stay pleasant.

The coffee man was himself an intensely interesting character. I often sat with him and tended the fire as he pounded the golden brown Mocha. He loved to gossip, and with great bravado told of how, four months before, he had been a river guard when the Arabs attacked the English steamer. He was just taking aim at the offenders when a Martini ball ricocheted over his rifle barrel and clipped off his thumb.

One evening a soldier called, bringing his wife and family of boys. He was suffering from asthma, and after receiving a simple remedy proceeded to air his family troubles. His twenty-year-old son, he said, was the bane of his life. Three years before, at the age of seventeen, he had been married. Since then he had lived with his wife upon his parents, and the previous day had threatened to break his mother's teeth if she would not get him a second wife. In my presence he again proceeded to revile her, calling her by her first name, and it was only when I threatened to throw him downstairs that he sullenly desisted. Further talk with the mother, however, tended to confirm my belief that the son's home training was not exactly calculated to foster a filial spirit. The mother, before her family of hopefuls, boasted of her small boy's skill in throwing stones at people and of how she herself that very day had belabored a woman with a bamboo.

The next day the Hajji and I were invited to take tea with another Hajji. Tea parties were never my forte, but I must say I enjoyed that one. As we left, the host anointed us with rosewater, hands, head and clothing. I smelled like a barber shop. In the evening I called on the local governor and found him an intelligent and extremely friendly Turk. He had formerly been stationed at Nazareth in Galilee and knew much of missionary methods and men.

The next evening, and for two evenings following, I spent three hours at the home of the chief mullah of the place. With his large, white turban and green robe he looked quite picturesque as he slowly swayed to and fro on the divan, while the water-pipe bubbled its droning accompaniment. The first evening was spent in questions and answers, he asking questions about the Scriptures, attacking it, picking a flaw here and raising an objection there. The next evening I took the aggressive, vindicating Christian doctrine here and pointing out a flaw in the Koran there. Then came the eventful Christmas day.

The first to greet me was Sheikh Falih, the heir-apparent to the skeikdom of all the Ma'dan. He had heard I was at Jilat and came with a large crowd of retainers to pay salaams. They were a strenuous looking lot, armed to the teeth, two cartridge belts, each crossing a shoulder, and a Mauser slung over all. We drank coffee and talked for two hours. Then the sheikh went for a walk, but before going they all stacked their rifles in my room. It looked like an armory. On each was engraved in Arabic, "*Ma shá Allah*, which to the Arab means, "thy will be done." Then the muedhin came for a gargle for his throat, which had succumbed under his vigorous *Allah Akbars*.

In the afternoon the governor came to take tea and with him the mullah and a few officers. Then my Christmas dinner was served—rice, two Arab doughnuts and a radish. In the evening I again visited the mullah. The memories of that evening will never fade. The mullah seemed quieter and more serious than usual, not so anxious to skirmish. The large room was crowded to the doors, Arabs, Turks and Ma'dan, seids, hajjis and officers. After the preliminary salaams the talk soon drifted into religious channels. Since this was to be my last evening with them, the mullah, out of courtesy, gave me the floor. Never in any pulpit have I felt greater exultation, as one by one the Spirit of God framed the words of life on my lips. For the space of an hour they listened, and the black eyes peering from under shaggy brows gave signs of absorbing interest. As I wandered homeward that night through the crooked streets the words of the Saviour came to my mind, "it shall be given you in that hour what ye shall speak."

The Imam of the mosque was waiting for me at the house. Together we talked till far into the night. Once the Imam, baffled in something he had said, arose in anger, but he quickly mastered his temper again and offered me a pinch of snuff as a sign of good feeling. After he left, Solomon came in, and together we prayed our Christmas prayer, for those around us and for our loved ones; Solomon for his in far-off Kurdistan and I for mine in the homeland. Before going to sleep I took a short walk on the roof to gaze into the starry heavens sprinkling their benediction on the sleeping camps. As I picked my way back to my room, past the sleeping Arabs, the sheikh muttered in his dream, "*Ya Allah, ya Rahim*"—oh God, oh merciful.

Jilat Salih will repeat that some day when Christmas means to it what it means to us. The next morning early the English steamer picked me up and I returned to Busrah, glad to grasp a Christian hand again. But my heart is still in Jilat, and in fancy I hear the sheikh still mutter, "*Ya Rahim.*"

THE MOHAMMEDAN WOMAN IN HER HOME.

MRS. H. R. L. WORRALL, M.D.

"Oh dear!" sighed Zahra, "I must get up early to-day, for I have to go to the reading, and the school children will soon be here. Lulua, will you look after them to-day and teach them the Koran—and if the missionary lady comes don't let her talk to the children very long. When there is a pause in the conversation have the children repeat the Koran verses over and over, so that if any happen to come in they will not know that she has been speaking to them. If brother is here don't welcome the missionary lady very much, and then she will know we are not able to receive her to-day, and she will not remain long. But don't forget to tell her I want some medicine for fever, for I don't feel well, and this bad cough kept me awake half of the night. Oh, the long, trying day before us! It tires me to think of it, and we have so far to go, too, for reading to-day."

The above conversation took place in a small room upstairs in a Mohammedan home. The house had five small rooms built around a central court. Downstairs there were three larger rooms, but they were very dark and damp and unfit to live in, and were used chiefly for storerooms. One of them was a kitchen with small fire-places on the ground, made of bricks. No sign of a stove anywhere. The picture shows many of the cooking utensils.

Zahra and her sister were in one of the upper rooms, as it was still very early morning. They were both lying on the floor on a doshak or mattress of cotton. The room had little else in it except



KITCHEN UTENSILS.

a box or two for clothes and a stool and some matting. Their rooms are all like this except one which is the reception room. Here there are many pillows and narrow mattresses with clean white covers, on which guests may sit comfortably. The water for the house is carried by sakkahs or water-carriers, men who do nothing else but carry the water from the near-by creek to all the houses. They pour it into large clay water vessels called hibs, which are porous, and the water that filters through drop by drop is clear as crystal. But the Arabs do not like this water, for they say it "has no taste"—they prefer the dirty, muddy water in the water-pot itself, even though it may be a long time since it has been cleaned.

If one is compelled to do an operation in an Arab house, it is very difficult to get any clean water for it. What is the hygiene of this house? There is none. All the waste water is poured into a hole in the ground in the middle of the court. Sometimes this place gets so filled up that it overflows. It stagnates and permeates all the ground of the court and makes the air damp, breeding mosquitoes and malaria. This is why Zahra and all the family are always suffering from fever. So she now stretches her weary limbs and yawns and, by a strong effort, finally gets up. Then she calls her nephew, Abdul Kareem, "Go, Abdul el Kareem, and ask Dira if she is coming to the reading, and when you come back tea will be all ready, and I will put plenty of sugar in it." "All right, auntie," and away he

goes and finds Dira busy baking the large flat wheaten cakes called khubz. She has lighted a wood fire in a clay oven, shaped something like a bee-hive, but more narrow and taller. After this oven is hot enough she quickly shapes the large pancake-looking loaves and more quickly flaps them against the inner wall of the oven. What matter if much of the cinders and dust from the fire cling to the sides of the oven and so are baked in with the bread. Some pieces will be like that she says, so what can she do.

"Oh! Abdul el Kareem! peace to you. How are you, and how is your auntie, our teacher? How are you all?" "May God bless you, Dira. The teacher wants you to go with her to the reading." "Oh! how can I? The bread is not yet finished, and mother is not well, she has such a bad cough. I have all the work to do, and I ought to go to the mission dispensary and bring her some medicine, for she coughed all night. Then I promised to have this garment made that I began yesterday for some one in the market. I must earn a little and help pay back all the debt we incurred on our pilgrimage. Oh! what a time, and how much money was stolen from us. How frightened we were! How can they rob the poor pilgrims so?" "But the teacher wants you to come to the reading—that is most necessary of all. How will God forgive us if we do not keep up the readings, and the common people will soon forget all about our religious customs. Already the mission people are getting all to listen to their doctrines and getting some to love their Prophet Jesus, about whom they are always talking and saying that He died for us. But we don't believe that, of course; it was only some one who looked like Him. Why our Koran tells us he is 'Jesus the living,' and how could he be living if he died?"

"Oh! but, Abdul Kareem, they say he died to become a ransom for our sins and that he rose again on the third day and then ascended into heaven." "Oh! is that why he is called the Living Prophet? Well, but, Dira, you must come to the reading. Auntie will be angry if you don't." "Well, I suppose I must. Oh dear, I did so want to get all these other things attended to. But it is for God, and we must keep up our religion or become Kaffirs. But I do like to listen to all they say about Jesus, and it is all so sweet and good, I don't see any harm in it." "Well, that is so, too, but we would soon be put out of the community if we listen too much or dwell on their words too long. God can see our hearts, and He knows we do love the prophet Jesus. Why! if we followed the Christians the Mohammedans here would take away everything we have and put us in prison if they knew we even thought of believing in the Christian religion." "Yes, that is true, for that is the way they have done with those who have openly confessed. Some have been put in prison and others even poisoned and others persecuted very much."

"Wouldn't it be nice if we could believe it all without any danger?" "Yes, that's all true, Dira, but then we can't afford to do so. The teacher likes it all very much, too, but she must keep on teaching the Koran, or where would she get her bread, and how all would hate her if she changed her religion! So come on, Dira. If you don't come they will think you are already half-Christian, for they know how you listen to all that these Christian women tell you and have learned the hymns and Scripture verses."

"Yes, I suppose I must go. Come, drink tea with us, it is all ready." "No, for auntie said she would have tea ready for me, and I have stayed too long now." "No, no, you must stay and take tea with us, it is all ready." "Very well." "Now have another cup." "Oh! no, I have taken three cups already, and I must go." "Well, give many salaams to your auntie, and tell her I will come soon. Salaams to all your house. Soon Moharram time will be here and we will be at the readings all day and cry and wail and beat our hearts till we are almost ill. But what can we do, we must keep it up. I will be glad when it is all over."

"Come, Abbas, and have your tea, then you must go to the market and sell this bread for me and bring lettuce and onions for mother to eat at noon time."

"Good morning, mother of Nejeba. How are you? Do you feel better?" "No, I can't say I do. I feel very weak." "Why don't you go to the women's doctor and get some medicine?" "I did go and I was much better, but she tells me I ought to have an operation to get well and I am so afraid. She said I must stay for a week or more in her house and lie in bed all the time. How could I do that, and especially how could I take chloroform? I am afraid I would die. They say you go to sleep and seem just like a dead person. Oh! I would be afraid." "Yes, but so many go and take it, and it doesn't hurt them." "Yes, but I am weak and afraid."

"Well, how is your husband, the old man?" "Oh, he is quite ill." "Why doesn't he go and get medicine?" "Well, I keep asking the lady doctor for medicine, but she says she only treats women and that he must go to the man doctor." "But why doesn't he?" "Oh! he is old, and if God wills he will soon die, and I won't have to take care of him."

"Yes, that is so. It must be hard to have him old and blind, and you can earn so little making cigarettes and sewing. But it is a good thing you got Nejeba married at last." "Yes, indeed, I am glad of it, but she acts so foolishly. I am afraid her husband will divorce her." "Oh, well she would soon get some one else I suppose. She is not like me, with one bad eye. No one wants me on that account. The

one to whom I was married, as you know, was only a little boy, and he died of fever, and so I am left, and it costs so much for our pilgrimage to Kerbela. We have nothing left for me to marry again. How is Abdel Wahhab's mother getting along with her new husband? She was very lucky to get her new husband so soon after her husband died. Why, it was only about ten days. She has only one eye, too. But I hear she is going to get a glass eye from the doctor. You see, she has her own money, and so can easily do this. When is Lilima's mother going to get her married?" "Oh, very soon, she is a big girl now, almost fourteen years old, and it's a shame to let a girl stay unmarried so long. Yes, if her parents wait too long no one will have her."

"Well, I must go to the reading now or the teacher will be angry. I will be so tired when I get back, for she wants me to help with the readings, and my throat gets so tired and my voice so hoarse with shouting so loudly. The women are so noisy and don't seem a bit interested, smoking cigarettes and talking and laughing. I think I will stop on the road for Tewfik's mother. Poor woman, she loved that baby, and this is the fifth one she has lost. She is so pretty, but her babies have all been so delicate. Now her husband will be divorcing her if she doesn't have another child soon." "Why do all her children die?" "The lady doctor says it is because of the dreadful smell in their courtyard from all the dirty water being thrown there which never gets dry, besides all the refuse being thrown there, too. That is the way all of our houses are, and we can't afford to have the drains cleaned out more than once a year or two. Even in our teacher's house they have been wanting to clean out the drain for two years, and have only now done it. They thought they could not afford the money, though they are better off than any of us, and they were all getting fever all the time from it. But it is true, as the lady doctor says, 'they have money to buy expensive bracelets and rings and for other luxuries.' But every one thinks they must have these things."

"Well, good-bye, mother, I must go now. I'll try and be back in time to cook the rice for evening. I hope you will be better tomorrow, and if God wills I will go to the dispensary and get more medicine for you. Remember how bad my leg was for so long, and they cured it, so surely they can cure you. May the Lord bless you and keep you."

Peace be to you.

SOME OF MY ARAB FRIENDS.

MISS FANNY LUTTON.

Many people in the homeland have very vague ideas of what a missionary is and does. Some think they do not live like ordinary mortals, and put them up on a pedestal and offer a kind of worship; that, to say the very least, makes the poor missionary very uncomfortable. But how do the people in the far-off land regard the missionary who has come to live in their midst? Thank God, many have come to regard them as their friends. Now come with me to the house of one of my Arab friends.

This lady is a very bigoted Moslem. She can read and write (which is rather uncommon), and is so pious that she washes her hands before she touches the Koran. Some would say, "Why, how did you get into that house?" The way was opened for me by little Katharina Zwemer, and I found a friend even in that strict Moslem. This woman knows why I left my land and kindred, but nevertheless there is always a warm welcome. She is very intelligent, and, unlike many of her sisters, is well posted on the traditions of Islam. Many discussions have been held, as also straight talks, which are very hard for her to receive, but we are on the very best of terms, and she always protests my "visits are so short and far between."

The next friend is a sweet, gentle woman. About two years ago she lost her sight. When her husband found there was no hope of her ever seeing again he divorced her, and she now lives with her mother. Both she and her mother are very anxious to hear the Scriptures read and explained, and the missionary can thank God for times spent there, for there is no difficulty in presenting the Gospel to them. They frequently have requested me to pray with them.

Number three is a woman named Amina. She lives in Moharrek, but has paid many visits to the mission house. One day she came while we were having the women's prayer meeting. She was very attentive, and ever since she always asks, "What day is your prayer meeting?" She has been present several times. It is easy to love this woman—she seems so honest and pure. I truly regard her as one of my friends.

Space will allow me to speak of only one more. This one can be classed as an inquirer. She has been coming for instruction every Monday evening and is very eager to learn about the loving, sinless Prophet. She confessed before many Moslem women that she "did not want a dead prophet—he could not help her." The women cursed her, but she did not mind. She is no longer a Moslem, but we long to see her trusting fully in the Lord Jesus.

Will you not pray for these Arab women?

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The man in Libretto calls

